

VII.—VERSES.

Enough, O Christ, that open foes should aim
 To lure men into deadly paths of sin ;
 To quench the virtue of thy saving name
 With speech of doubt, or mocking impud grin.

But when they come who cherish love for thee,
 With songs of hope, to thy sweet word unknown,
 For voyagers across this troubled sea ;
 Shall eyes not weep, except when hearts are stone ?

Forgive them, Lord, who bring the specious tale,
 Not well-discerning how their words mislead ;
 And pity those who when life's bulwarks fail,
 Shall find the promise but a broken reed.